GREAT SYNDICATE CLOTHING WANUFACTURERS

BROADWAY. TUESDAY,

FIFTY THOUSAND OF CLOTHING.

One of the firms who form the great CLOTHING SYNDICATE make a specialty of manufacturing FINE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. Their goods are known all over the country for superiority of finish and elegance of design. Retailers pay 15 to 25 per cent. higher prices for goods made by this house than for the productions of other manufacturers, because the firm name is a guarantee that every garment they sell is of the latest and most original style and of the very best quality. This firm place \$50,000.00 worth of their finest garments on our tables to-day. We shall mark them at one-half the usual wholesale price in order to make a grand success of

(4 to 12 years), Warm and Heavy, Worth Six Dollars, at Ninety Cents.	for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Ten Dollars, at at \$2.75.	for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Sixteen Dollars, at \$4.75.	Worth Twenty Dollars, at S7.90.	GAPE OVERCOATS for Boys (4 to 13 years), Beautiful Plaids and Checks, Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$2.25.	for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Fifteen Dollars,	ELEGANT DRESS OVERCOATS for Youths (12 to 18 years), Kersey, Melton, Diagonal, Worth \$25, at \$9.00.
SCHOOL SUITS for Boys (4 to 12 years), Winter Weight, Worth Eight Dollars, at \$1.50.	SCHOOL SUITS for Boys (4 to 12 years), Fine Cassimeres, Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$3.75.	TAILOR-MADE SUITS for Boys (6 to 15 years), Fashionable Patterns, Worth Eighteen Dollars, at \$5.00.	KILT SUITS for Children (3 to 8 years), Latest Designs, Worth Nine Dollars, at \$2.50.	THREE-PIECE SUITS for Boys (S to 14 years), Cheviots and Telcots, Worth Fifteen Dollars, at \$3.50.	DRESS SUITS for Boys (8 to 14 years), Imported Goods, Worth Eighteen Dollars, at \$5.00.	EXTRA FINE SUITS for Boys (S to 18 years), Elegant Sultings, Worth Twenty-five Dollars, at \$7.50.
KNEE PANTS for Boys (4 to 13 years) extra Heavy, worth Two Dollars, at 20 CENTS.	ALL-WOOL KNEE PANTS for Boys (4 to 13 years) Worth Two Dollars, at 90 Cents.	WORKING SUITS for Youths (4 to 18 years) Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$3.25.	BUSINESS SUITS for Youths (14 to 18 years) Sack or Cutaway Coats, Worth Elghteen Dollars, at \$6.50.	DRESS SUITS for Youths (14 to 18 years) Imported Suitings, Worth Thirty Dollars, at \$9.00.	TROUSERS for Youths (12 to 18 Years) Fashionable Patterns, Worth Four Dollars, at \$1.75.	DRESS TROUSERS for Youths (12 to 18 years) Finest Quality, Worth Six Dollars, at \$2.75.

TUESDAY. OFFER.

Chinchillas, Kerseys, Meltons, Cheviots and Beavers, some silk and satin-lined, cut in "Sacks," "Surtouts," "Ulsters" and "Cape Coats," all colors and patterns, including the latest and most fashionable designs, Regular tailor-made, perfect-fitting garments. We offer your choice of three thousand elegant overcoats at a special price for Tuesday, Dec. 20, only, of

> TEN DOLLARS.

We guarantee the absolute truth of every statement in this advertisement, and as fast as we can mark goods we shall pile our counters with the most elegant garments that can be pro-We are determined to offer the greatest Christmas Attractions ever known. Watch daily papers for further developments.

The Leading Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker Street. OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK.



of it. Mrs. Peterson's visitor left for home at 5.30

and Mrs. Peterson went to the nursery to see if Blanche and Harry were getting ready for dinner. Then she went to her own room to

the disappearance of the stout visitor in the covered.

The appearance of the stout visitor in the hall alarmed the chambermaid, who ran at once to the kitchen, where she spoke of him to the cook. The two women hurried to the basement door and looked up and down the circuit. The stout man was not in sight. The

said, and she did not have any acquaintance answering to the stout man's description. So she put on a wrapper and went
to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

The library door opened readily. The
droplight was burning, and its green shade
did not make the room look very cheerful.
Mr. Peterson was not there. His overcoat
and hat were on the lounge, and on the floor
in front of the mirror, between the two
bookcases opposite the door, lay some fragments of glass and a piece of rubber tubing.
There were drops of blood on the floor, and
a blood-stained handkerchief lay on a chair.
The red table cover that had been on the
big library table was missing.
The story told by Mrs. Peterson when the
police arrived was that she was startled but
not particularly alarmed. She thought her
husband might have gone to some other
room. But after the house had been searched
and no trace of him found, then she was
nearly frightened to death, and would have
died if the chambermaid had not promptly
given her brandy.

Two detectives, who carefully searched the

given her brandy.

Two detectives, who carefully searched the library, found a rumpled sheet of wrapping.

them, they asked for his height, color of hair, and eyes, weight, and for any marks or peculiarities by which he might be identified. Before they went away they instructed Mrs. dinner. Then she went to her own room to dress.

At 6.15 a chambermaid coming downstairs saw standing in the hallway a very stout man, about whose shoulders was thrown a red table cover. She screamed, and the stout man, who appeared to be on his way to the front door, quickened his steps, drew back the bolts as readily as though he had been accustomed to them, and went out.

This was all that the police could learn from the family of what had happened before the disappearance of Mr. Peterson was discovered.

The appearance of Mr. Peterson was discovered.

S500 REWARD for any information of the whereabouts of Andrew Peterson; 24 years old; height, 5 feet 11 inches; brown hair; gray eyes; smooth tace; in weighed 159 pounds and looked very siender; were a diagonal frock coat and vest and dark striped trousers.

once to the kitchen, where she spoke of him to the cook. The two women hurried to the basement door and looked up and down the street. The stout man was not in sight. The dining-room silver was all right and nothing had been disturbed in the parlor. The cook went back to the kitchen and the chambermaid hurried upstairs again to Mrs. Peterson son's room, where she related what she had seen. "It was plain that a visitor would not call arrayed in a table cover," Mrs. Peterson as the form the lawyer call arrayed in a table cover," Mrs. Peterson said, and she did not have any acquaintance answering to the stout man's description. So she put on a wrapper and went to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

The library door opened readily. The droplight was burning, and its green shade did not make the room look very cheerful. Mr. Peterson was not there. His overcoat and hat were on the lounge, and on the foor in front of the mirror, between the two

about it. A few judicious compliments made the cook his friend, and she invited him into

the cook his friend, and she invited him into the kitchen to have a cup of tea.

There he confided to her that he was a reporter, but that it should never be known that she had told him about Ms. Peterson's disapping," interrupted the policeman.

"Shut up, will you," politely interposed to course, she imagined that she had, and after making him solemnly promise never to say that she had spoken, rattled off all that she knew and what she had heard. When the young man said that he would have togo, the cook shook hands with him with warmth, and said that she would be pleased to have him drop in after 8.30 any evening and take a friendly cup of tea, which was of the best.

The reporter went to work with a will, and on the following morning, under the head of

butcher boy:
"Run for a policeman, quick. I've got the
fat man who stole away Mr. Peterson."
The stout man struggled hard to break The stout man struggled hard to break from the girl's embrace, but he could not. She had taken a hold to stay, and she did. "Mary," he gasped, "I'm surprised at such conduct, and in the street, too. What would your mistress say if she should see

"And the villian knows my name," panted the chambermaid, making her embrace around the stout man's neck all the tighter. "What'll me mistress say. Sure she'll say what have you done with Mr. Peterson." "Ridiculous," said the stout man, "why

I'm" — It was at this moment that the butcher boy arrived with the policeman (Officer Mulvaney), who seized the stout man by the collar, clubbed him lightly, and then demanded what he meant by hitting the "gurrl," The chambermaid did not give the stout

The chambermaid did not give the stout man or any one else a chance to say a word. She recled off the history of Mr. Peterson's disappearance with a rapidity that confused Officer Mulvaney, but he, of course, had too much pride to show it.

One fact impressed him, however, and that was that the stout man was worse than the ordinary prisoner, so he clubbed him again, but it is only fair to say, not very hard. Then he told the chambermaid to come to the Police Court at 8 o'clock the next morning, and dragged the stout man off to the lock-up. He flung open the station-house door. He flung open the station-house door, shoved the stout man in front of the Ser-geant's desk and said : "Kidnapper."

"Kidnapper."
The Sergeant opened the blotter and proceeded to take the stout man's pedigree.
"What is your name?" he inquired.
"Andrew Peterson," said the prisoner.
"That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the policeman.

What the prisoner had said since his arrival and who he really was had not been let cut by the police, even if they knew anything, which was doubted. The newspaper reporters worked like beavers, but learned little. The young man who had interviewed the

cook was again a little more successful than the others. He learned that a stout man, wrapped in a red table cover, had called at a second-hand clothing store and bought a suit of clothes there. The clothes he had on were much too small for him and were ripped in

atience.

John Doe, as the stout man was now called

John Doe, as the stout man was now called in the newspapers, appeared to be entirely without friends, and a young lawyer was assigned by the Court to defend him. It was an interesting case, and the lawyer, who was both bright and ambitious, determined to make a reputation for himself if he could.

After his first interview with the stout man he seemed pale and worried. He had just seated himself in his office when the reporter who had interviewed the cook called. The lawyer knew him well, for they

reporter who had interviewed the cook called. The lawyer knew him well, for they had been college mates.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm the most mystified man in the world."

"I'm glad to see you, too," said the reporter. "You're assigned as Doe's counsel in the Peterson murier case, and I want to talk to you show; it."

THEO FOR HIS OWN MURDER.

The fig. and a piece of his cord under Mr.

The fig. and a piece of his cord under Mr.

The fig. and a piece of his cord under Mr.

The fig. and a solder-looking man and the library forms the fig. and the sold in an and the library forms the fig. and the sold in the sold in the sold in an and the library forms the fig. and the sold in the

murder had been committed."

The young lawyer wiped his brow again and drew a long breath.

"What happened next," he went on, "was startling. The man got up from the cot and paced restlessly up and down the jail corritor for a few moments. Then he came into the cell again and sat down.

"I wonder," he remarked, absently, if ever before a man was charged with having murdered himself and stood in danger of being hanged for it. Now," he added, after a moment's thought, 'I am going to tell you the whole story. It isn't a very probable tale, I

whole story. It isn't a very probable tale, I own; nor is it one that I should myself be likely to believe if any one told it to me. But,' he said, earnestly, 'I assure you that it

'He picked up a newspaper from the cell

wrapped in a red table cover, had called at a second-hand clothing store and bought a suit of clothes there. The clothes he had on were much too small for him and were ripped in all the seams. He bought a hat, too. He left the table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he had bought and told the dealer that he might keep the old clothes. Then the stout man west away.

The dealer said that he seemed much agitated and was bleeding from a wound in his hand. After this all trace of the stout man was lost until his arrest. The police read about the clothing and table cover being in the second-hand clothing store, and went there and got them.

The cover was identified as that of the library table, and the clothing as that worm by Mr. Peterson when he disappeared. The trial of the stout man was awaited with imatience.

John Doe, as the stout man was now called. years old. I look that age, do I not? Brown hair and gray eyes. Mine answer these.'
"'Yes.' I interrupted. 'But he weighed 130 pounds and you weigh over 200 pounds.'
"I am coming to that,' he said. 'Have patience, Look at the picture carefully and tell me, if the face were fresher, would it not look like mine. Do you not detect the resemblance in the features.' blance in the features

"I looked carefully and had to confess that I did."
"Remarkable," said the reporter, who had a theory of his own regarding the case.

"This is nothing," continued the lawyer, again mopping his forehead, on which cold sweat stood, "to what he said later. He had grown excited and again paced the corridor. When he had calmed down he returned and

When he had calmed down he returned and went on with his narrative.

"I am Andrew Peterson,' he said once more. 'I was an only child, and, my parents being wealthy, I had everything that ought to have made me happy. But I was not happy. Other children were plump and healthy looking, but I was always thin. At school my fellow pupils called me Skinny, Skinny Andy, or Skinny Peterson. I was a strong how and healthy enough, but there was little. in the Peterson murder case, and I want to talk to you about it."

"And I want to talk to you about it, too," said the lawyer. "But, understand, what I'm going to tell you now is not for publication. Later it may be used, but not at present."

The young lawyer wiped big drops of perspiration from his forehead and continued:

"I have just come from interviewing Doe. It was the first time that I had had an opportion."

It was the first time that I had had an opportion. I was a strong and, you should be and you all healthy enough, but there was little stout, but it was useless. I ate catmeal and corn hominy, but they did no good.

"I felt that I was doomed to remain thin, and tried to be cheerful. I succeeded in a measure as I grew older, but occasionally there would come upon me a longing to be stout, that made me miserable indeed."

Concluded To-morroe Evening.

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BATURDAY EVENING,

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